## A WARNING FOR HOT WEATHER.

It was a grave and quiet man
  Was walking down the street;
His face was red, his brow bedewed,
  And tired were his feet.

There came a roystering fiend along,
  Who to the first man drew,
And in a hollow tone inquired,
  "Is it hot enough for you?"

These were the latest words he spoke,
  For straight upon his head
There came a dreadful, crashing blow
  That laid him with the dead.

They dragged the slayer to the court;
  The jurors all looked mild;
The judge to the attorney winked,
  The latter softly smiled.

* * * * * *

And when they led him from the dock,
  His wife wept grateful tears,
The jury thronged to press his hand,
  The Court joined in the cheers.

—*Boston Transcript.*

## A STORY OF CAMP LIFE.

BY ALFRED BALCH.

"BILL," said Jack Harding, "who's the chap that's taken Slingsby's claim?"

"Dunno," laconically responded the bar-keeper, as he struck a match to light a stump of a cigar; "s'pose (puff) he's some one's (puff) got more money (puff) than sense, or he'd 'a' let that thing alone." (Puff, puff).

"That's what I kealkilate" went on Jack. "Slingsby got busted thar, an' Jones afore him, an' dunno as enny man'll ever make grub in such a hole."

The two men having apparently exhausted the subject, Jack gazed out the open door, while the barkeeper spent his time catching flies and throwing them at old Pete Farley, who, although it was only twelve o'clock in the day, was apparently in his usual drunken sleep in the corner. In every mining town there is generally one or more men who have gone "to the dogs" from the use of drink. How they live is a mystery for they no sooner get a few cents than they spend them for liquor. Sleeping in bar-rooms, getting their meals as chance dictates, and often not getting them at all, they gradually sink lower and lower, until suddenly one hears so-and-so is dead; dead in the gutter or in some tumbled down shed in which he has crept to die. Possibly some men say in a half pitying and wholly contemptuous tone: "So that old drunken beast has gone. Good riddance to such rubbish;" and this serves as the drunkard's requiem. Old Pete Farley was known in the camp as a sot. He lived by the chance contributions of the men who would give him a meal or a drink out of charity; and quite an item in his income were the small sums he was able to borrow from strangers. Miners are exceedingly generous men, and Pete's requests for the loan of two bits (twenty-five cents) were rarely refused at first. The news that a stranger had arrived was, therefore, to him something of the nature of information of an unexpected legacy. While old Pete was apparently asleep, he had carefully noticed what was said, and he soon afterwards got up, left the saloon and made his way to Slingsby's old claim up the gulch.

Arriving there, he found a young fellow of about twenty-two, working as only gold miners do work. Pete sat down on the edge of the bank and watched him. As he did so he was conscious of a curious feeling of admiration, and an equally curious reluctance to broach the object of his visit, a reluctance he did not remember having felt for many years. The worker in the claim at length paused, and noticing the old man, hailed him with:

"Hello, stranger! It,s a nice day."

"You're 'bout right; I see you're working on Slingsby's old ground."

"Yes, I bought it the other day. Gin ten ounces." ($190).

"Wall, you gin all 'twas wuth. What mought your name be, stranger?"

"Peter Phillips."

"Phillips! Phillips! 'Pears to me I've hearn that ar name afore."

"Quite possible. There's a good sight of Phillips going round. It's obout dinner time, stranger, an' my cabin's just up there. Won't you step in an, take a bite?"

"Don't care if I do," was the answer from the old man; and the two walked together to the cabin.

Phillips made old Pete thoroughly welcome, fed him well, and talked with him for over an hour. When they got up to go out of the door he gave him a most cordial invitation to come again, and old Pete actually found himself walking off without the two bits necessary if he would drink that afternoon, and, more than that, with a strange feeling of satisfaction that he had not asked for it. The acquaintance so begun increased rapidly. Not a day passed that the old man did not make his way to Slingsby's or Phillips claim, as it now began to be called, where he would sit on the bank, and talk to the owner while he worked. Although old Pete was toomuch broken down by a long course of drinking to do much labor, he was in fact a most experienced miner, and his advice to the young man was of so much value that before very long the despised claim began to be known as paying property. Young Phillips, recognizing the aid given him, insisted that old Pete should consider himself one of the owners, and at the first clean up afterwards handed him his share of the dust.

The gift was unfortunate. The old man went down to the camp and before night was horribly drunk. Some one suggested to him, while he was in this state, that he should go and see his new "pard." Old Pete accordingly staggered up to the claim, where he found the young fellow just leaving work. Phillips took him to the cabin and put him to bed. The next morning he told the old man, in a way that could not be misunderstood, that the thing must never happen again. He had taken from him what dust he had left, and this he refused to return saying that he intended to keep it safe. Old Pete was ludicrously penitent, but he was also unquestionably very much ashamed of himself, and anxious to avoid repeating his disgraceful act. He suggested that with his known habits, sobriety, as long as he lived in the camp was difficult. To this Phillips agreed, and proposed that the two occupy the cabin for the future, the old man to act as cook and do what work around the claim he could.

And so it was settled, much to the mingled astonishment and amusement of the men in the camp, who had so long looked on old Pete Farley as a common drunken sot. Old Pete and his "pard" were a standing subject for jokes, and for a long time any allusion to them resulted always in setting the crowd in a roar. It must not be supposed that the old man gave up liquor at once, but he certainly did try to refrain. He kept away from the saloon and rarely went to camp at all. preferring to stay in the cabin, which was about a mile away. One thing he did do, however. When he took too much, he kept away from Phillips. Nothing that could be said to him would induce him to repeat his experiment of visiting "his pard" on such occasions.

One afternoon the old man went to the camp to buy some groceries. With the best intentions in the world, he allowed Jake Harding to delude him into taking one drink, and after that he was lost. About six o'clock Phillips stalked into the saloon, and there found old Pete, drunk, standing on the table trying to make a speech, with a grinning crowd around him. To make his way into the crowd, and pull the old man off the table, was for young Phillips the work of a minute.

Then putting his arm around him he turned to the door to go out. Jake, inspired by bad whisky, took it into his head to bar the way, and with the remark, "Hold on, young feller, yer can't take your baby off afore we're done with him," caught hold of old Pete's arm. The next second Jake was lying in a corner, and Phillips said:

"Is there any one else wants to try it?"

There was a dead silence, and the two passed out.

The next day old Pete was penitent as ever. In the evening, while they were smoking after supper, young Phillips said:

"Pete, I'll tell you a bit of a story that'll kinder explain why I hate liquor so. My mother is as good a woman as ever the Lord let live. She married a man who was said to be—for I don't recollect him—as handsome and as good a man as could be. They were very happy together, and I was born 'bout two years after the wedding. My father drank some at first but not enough to hurt. But as times went on things got kinder hard for 'em, and he drank more an' more. He used to come home drunk, an' my mother was scared half to death. He got worse an' worse. My mother never told me this. I heard it from people who recollected it. At last, when I was about four years old, father came home drunk one night and there wasn't nothing to eat in the house. He made an awful row, and at last he struck my mother, knocking her down and cutting her cheek open. She's got the scar still. Then he disappeared, and we never heard of him again. Now I hate liquor worse than I do anything on earth, and I won't have you or any man around me drinking. If you can't stop you've got to leave, that's all."

While Phillips was talking old Pete had gradually drawn himself into one corner of the cabin where it was dark. When Phillips stopped speaking, there was a silence for a few minutes, and then the old man said, in a rather unsteady voice:

"Was your mother's name Polly?"

"Yes; how did you know it?"

"Was your father's name Phillips?"

"No; mother took her own name after he left her. His name was Parks."

Old Pete got up, left the cabin, and did not return that night.

While marvelling much at his strange manner, the young man went to bed. The next day he spoke about it, but old Pete turned it off with a casual remark. But from that day old Pete stopped drinking. Nothing that could be said to him could induce him to enter the saloon or touch anything at all. The men in the camp wondered, doubting that it would last, and finally, as the weeks slipped past, accepted the miracle of Pete's reformation as being a fact. They ceased to call him Pete, and began to address him as Farley, or Mr. Farley. The passion for conferring brevet titles being strong in the west, in time he began to be called Squire, and ten months after his visit to Phillips to borrow some money, there was actually talk of electing him a justice of the peace. The old man's devotion to the younger one was apparent to every one, and the affection was warmly returned. One day he said to him:

'Pete, seems to me that our names being similar kinder mixes things up."

"That's true," answered young Pete with a laugh. "They're calling you Squire now; s'pose I do the same?"

"Jess as you like. 'bout that, only I dunno as I cares very much for the name. I wish I had a son, 'cause I kinder like some one to call me daddy. I ain't ashamed now of bein' a daddy—that is, of course," he added hastily, "if I were one."

"Well," said Pete, good naturedly, "I'll call you daddy if you like."

"Will you, now?" said the old man eagerly. "Will you really?"

"Certainly. I ain't got no daddy as I knows."

And from that time out it was "Daddy." The name seemed to give the old man the strangest delight, and sometimes he would, rather timidly at first, call young Pete "Son." He never did this, though, unless they were alone.

About two years after Pete Phillips had come into camp, he told his "daddy," as he always called the Squire, for the election was a fact by this time—that his mother had written to say she was coming out to see him.

The intelligence moved the old man strongly. He seemed to have alternate periods of the greatest joy and the most intense melancholy. Young Pete would detect the Squire looking at him as though he would say something, but on being questioned the old man would generally get up and leave the cabin.

Mrs. Phillips was to arrive on Tuesday, and Monday morning, after an unusually prolonged fit of musing, the Squire pronounced his intention of going over to a neighboring camp for a few days. He probably would have done so had not the stage stopped that afternoon at the cabin, and after two years and a half, young Phillips was once more clasped in his mother's arms. After the two had talked as mother and son would talk under such circumstances, Mrs. Phillips suddenly said:

"Where's Mr. Farley, dear?"

"I don't know, mother. I suppose he'll be here before long."

As he spoke the door opened, and the Squire stepped in.

Pete began—"Squire, this is my—," when Mrs. Phillips gasped out:

"Peter!"

"Polly!"

* * * * *

"Who'd a thought that ar' fellow Phillips war a liftin' his own father outer the mud?" said Jack Harding to the barkeeper.

"No one reckoned on such a thing," responded the barkeeper, striking a match to light the stump of a cigar. "I s'pose (puff) thet the (puff) ception to 'em (puff) 'll come off to-night (puff.) Air you goin'?"

"In course I am. I voted for the Squire, and I ain't goin' to stay away in no such time as this. Ain't you goin'?"

"You bet," answered the barkeeper, as he caught a fly and threw it at a sleeping dog in the corner.